## War Memories yofa Chaplain

By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, Chaplain, 10th Conn.

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they asked nothing more than guidance to the Union lines; but it had to be done. The enemy were already in our rear. They supposed we were going back by the way we came, and they had effectually cut off our retreat by that route. Gen. Foster had, however, ordered a sufficient number of transports to sail round from New Berne and meet him above Plymouth New Berne and meet him above Plymouth to carry his army back by water, and at the close of the day we hurried across the country to board these transports and put out into Albemarle Sound under cover of the night. There was barely transport room for the soldiers. The slaves could not be taken on board the transports. Their faces were sad and their hearts were heavier than before as we reluctantly turned from them, leaving them not only in slavery when freedom seemed just within their grasp, but to probable punishment and suffering beause of their attempt at escape.

## PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

That raid was in the Autumn of 1862. President Lincoln had issued his procla-mation under date of Sept. 22, declar-ing that all slaves should be emanci-pated on Jan. 1, 1863, in every State where armed rebellion still existed. We were interested to learn how this news

affected the slaves and their masters.

While we rested at Hamilton, as the gunboats on the stocks were burning, we chatted with the slaves who stood about watching proceedings. An intelligent slave, who was assistant foreman of the ship-yard, was a good specimen of the shrewd, reticent, observing negro. Evidently his family lived in the neighborhood, and all his worldly interests centered there. He was not going to say or do anything, while we were present, which could be reported to his injury when we had gone, hence he was cautious and non-committal in answering our questions.

"Uncle, have you heard about President

Lincoln's proclamation?"
"I'se heard suthin'."

"What have you heard?"
"Some says one thin', and some says another."
"Well, what do they say?"

"Some say, Massa Linkum says fus' o' Janeway all-de slaves go free. T'others say 'tain't so, der's' not'in' in it."
"But what do you think, Uncle?"
"Chile," said the old man, looking his

questioner straight in the eye, "I don't t'ink not'in'. I jus' stan's a-waitin', an' keeps a-hopin'."

And that told the whole story for him, and for many another in those days.

Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, gave
me an illustration of this shrewdness of me an illustration of this shrewdness of the negro in avoiding the compromising of himself when he was seeking inforna-tion on a point of intensest personal in-terest. A friend of the Governor from Boston was at a hotel in Charlestown, W. Va., during the lurried trial of John Brown, in 1859. In the early morning, Brown, in 1859. In the early morning, before he had arisen, a slave came into his room, according to Southern custom, to kindle a fire for him to dress by. The excitement concerning John Brown was then at its hight. Knowing that the guest was from the North, the negro cabins were back of it. There was a pretty Episcopal church with a painted clock-face in its gable end, and about it was a graveyard with stones marking the resting place of successive generations in an order of things now passing away.

At last we reached a little Baptist ranted to get his opinion of the case; yet

disclose his own views.

"Massa!" he said, "yer hear 'bout dis man John Brown, dey's tryin' hyar?" "Oh, yes! I've heard about him."
"What dey goin' to do wid him?"
"Oh! they'll convict him."
"Convict 'im! What den?"

"They'll hang him-sure as fate." There was yet no sign of the Northern er's sympathies. The negro waited a minute, and then asked cautiously: "Would'nt dat be a little abrup,"

Those who were within our lines in nominal freedom seemed impressed with the idea that, because learning to read had en forbidden them while in slavery, reading was somehow a means of power which they must strive to acquire in order to fit themselves for their new sphere of being and acting, in competition with the white race. It was surprising how auxious they were to know how to read, and how zealous and earnest they were in endeavors to learn.

While we were in camp on St. Helena Island, opposite Port Royal, South Carolina, there were 20 or 30 of these freed slaves who were personal servants of our regimental officers, field, staff, and line. In some way they had obtained two spelling-books, or small readers, and these were in constant use among them. Not only in the intervals of active work during day, but all through the night, some of these boys were poring over those books. Having got a start in their reading from some of the officers or privates, the more favored ones were always ready seemed to arrange among themselves so that all should have a share in the valued helps to learning at some time in each 24 hours.

As I lay in my tent at night, and waked from time to time, I would hear low ne-gro voices, back of the tent, repeating gro voices, back of the tent, repeating words as from an elementary school reader—"The hen is in the yard. The dog barks at the hen." "Puss sits by the fire. She is warm." "This boy is James. He drives a hoop." "Now is the best time to do well;" and so on. Hearing these sounds night after night, I was led to go out and look up their meaning. I found that back of the field and staff tents there was built a blazing fire of pine branches, under the moss-lung live oaks, before which some of these boys were poring over their treasur-ed books, learning their lesson for the night. The flickering light in the deep shadows gave a weird look to the strange

On one occasion a column of troops, under Gen. Foster, moved out from New Berne, and up and across the country, for the purpose of burning some gunboats building for the Confederates, at Hamilton, on the Roanoke River. Slaves flocked to follow the column. Day by day their numbers grew, swelling to hundreds, women with infants in their arms, and little children, bare-footed and scantily clad, tramping after them. They looked on the Union soldiers as their saviors, and freedom seemed to dawn just before them. It was hard to drive these poor creatures back into slavery again, and forbid their following the army, of which they asked nothing more than guidance

every name, and which brings hope and comfort to those in every condition.

The religious nature of the negro showed itself in his songs of work and of worship, in his prayers, and in his exhortations and responses in sacred assemblings. Because of his Oriental origin he was necessarily emotional and mercurcial; and because of his peculiar training in slavery he had his own ideas of morals as apart from his religious spirit and thoughts. from his religious spirit and thoughts.

Taught, by those who ought to know the right, that he was a mere chattel and not a responsible personality, and trained to the necessity of concealing his real hopes and desires from those who had more power over him than sympathy with him, it was not strange that he had con-fused ideas as to the limits of truth and honesty. Brought up to look at marriage as a convenience for the increase of his master's property possessions, he could hardly comprehend the highest teachings as to chastity and a pure and permanent A NEGRO SERMON.

Yet it was not true, as was often as-serted, that the negro slave wholly di-vorced morals from religion, conduct from green masses of abounding shrubbery, were the golden flowers of the fragrant yellow jassamine vines, while among the foliage the wild honeysuckle in its crimson beauty, the scarlet yapon-berries, and



"HE HOLLER ME T' STOP; BUT I JUS' KEEP DAT HAM."

the purple clusters of the wild plum, | said he would, by urgent request, "preach gorgeous scene.

In the open space beyond the first stretch of woods there was an immense sen-island cotton-field, where black men sea-island cotton-heid, where black men tand women by the score were at work, funder Government superintendents, in the hope of a Summer's crop. Yet nearer the shore, stately palmetto and palm trees stood out against the horizon, and the prickly-pear jealously guarded its tempting sound; but he had manifestly imbited the first by its nattle covaring and its thorny. fruit by its nettle covering and its thorny encircling leaves. Plantation fences with gates divided the different fields. The oldtime planter's mansion was there, and the negro cabins were back of it. There

of between 100 and 200 "contrabands," as they were called in that day, under the care of cultivated and devoted New England women teachers. We were sur-prised and delighted at the brightness and proficiency of these children, as shown in their various recitations. The children themselves were the blackest of Africans, with no intermixture of white blood. At the close of the session they sang together, and their singing was

First they sang a hymn written express-y for them, for the Christmas before, by John G. Whittier, including the verses:

"Oh, none in all the world before Were ever glad as we! We're free on Carolina's shore, We're all at home, and free.

"We hear no more the driver's horn, No more the whip we fear, This holy day that saw Thee born Was never half so dear.

Come once again, O bless I Lord! Come walking on the sea! And let the main-lands hear the

Then they sang some of their native words in their own way, and that singseemed to suit better their tastes and feelings:

Death is a little man, Good Lord, remember me! And he goes from door to door,

"I prays de Lord, when de year rolls roun Good Lord, remember me! "Oh! I wants to die like Jesus died.

Good Lord, remember me! "To die and be laid in the grave, Good Lord, remember me!"

And so the lines went on, describing the resurrection and the ascension, and being repeated indefinitely. Accompanying the singing the little singers beat time with they were aroused to a high state of ex-citement. This they would keep up, at times, by the hour, we were told. Indeed, there seemed to be no end to the sing-ing, except in physical exhaustion.

While the young negroes could learn to read more easily than the older ones, they could not sing with the touching pathos of those who had suffered long in slavery with no clear hope of freedom. It was while crossing the salt-water ferry from Ladies' Island, just above St. Helena, to Beaufart on this coession that I first

peered out, and birds of bright plumage a funeral" that morning. Then I learned and sweet song, flitted from branch to branch, giving life and variety to the services of a preacher regularly, they services of a preacher regularly, they were glad to have now and then a sermon preached as if in memory of those who had died since the last occasion of the sort. This they called "preaching a funeral," and it was such a discourse to which I listened at that time.

sound; but he had manifestly implied the spirit of its teachings in spite of all his disadvantages. He announced his text for the morning, as in the "fifth verse of Mark;" "Low I come."

"Hear dat, bred'ren! 'Low I come;' not 'high I come.' De Lord Jesus comes to de poor and de lowly. Dat's a comfort.' This was bad exegesis, but it was good gospel; and so in other parts of his dis

At last we reached a little Baptist It treated of life, death, and the here-

yerself. Some ob yer make shoes. When yer gits a piece o' leather, yer wants to use it all if yer can. Yer looks it ober. Yer say, 'Dat'll do for de quarters. Dat'll do for de vamps. Dat'll do for de fillin'. When yer 'zamine it ober, and pick out what yer can use, den yer say ob de rest, 'Dar ain't no more good dere; dat goes to de trash pile.'

"Bred'ren, de Lord'll look yer all ober,

and he'll put yer whar' yer b'long. If yer b'long in a good place, he'll put yer dar, But if yer ain't done fit for no good place, yer got to go to de trash pile. Yer hab,

That was as explicit as to the need of works as evidencing faith as to the need of works as evidencing faith as the teaching of St. James or St. Paul. And such preaching I heard many times repeated, by negro preachers, in various places along

ture as it was, and with his peculiar train-ing and experiences in bondage as they had been, necessitated to conceal his feelhad been, necessitated to conceal his feelings and his knowledge, for his own safety, the negro freedman was inevitably "a bundle of contradictions," sure to be misunderstood by many. In one aspect he seemed the veriest coward, afraid of his shadow; in another he seemed almost indifferent to danger, and at times truly courageous, braving punishment or death fearlessly. To some he seemed simple and unsuspecting as a child; to others he had to be a consequent of the consequence of the singing the little singers beat time with their feet and clapped their hands, weaving their bodies back and forward, until they were aroused to a high state of excitement. This they would keep up, at times, by the hour, we were told. Indeed, there seemed to be no end to the singing, except in physical exhaustion.

TOUCHING PATHOS OF THE SLAVE SONG.

To the negro mind the unseen world was more real than the seen. The negro feared God reverently, and he was afraid of the devil and his minions clearly dar. He fin' Dan'l in de lions' den

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

A belief in "hants," or "ghostses," or "spirits!"/dseemed universal and positive among! "sontrabands." It was not that they thought that there might be such things! (they had never a doubt on the subject, ii.A lawyer friend of mine attempted to the lawer friend of mine attempted to the limits of positive proof, when this subject came under discussion. of the "Do you believe in ghosts, Henry?"

"B'lieve in 'em, sant'a What d'ye mean, sant?" as if he could not understand such an absurd and unmeaning question. A belief in "hants," or "ghostses,"

an absurd and unmeaning question.

"Do you believe that there are such things?"

"B'lieve it, sah? I know that be, sah,"

he replied, with a pitying smile at the questioner's skepticisma

"Did you ever see a ghost yourself, "See 'em, sah? Yes, sah, many

see em, san? Ies, san, many a time."

"When did you see one last?"

"Las' night, sah."

"How did you see it?"

"I jes' look out in the night, and see 'em, sah."

em, sah."
"What did they look like?" "Can't tell you, sab. Dey was ghostses."
Did they look like dead men?"

"No, sah; dey was ghostses." This negro was a simple-hearted trusting believer in Jesus as his personal friend and Savior. He had no special fear of hosts, nor of any evil powers in the world of spirits, for he rested on God's protec-tion at all times. Yet he had no more doubt as to the reality of ghosts than he had as to the reality of dead men or living men, or of God, or of the devil. The fact that he could not describe or explain for the freeing of an oppressed people for the freeing of an oppressed people in his own good time and way. In this their appearance was no more perplexing to him than the inability of a "lineman" on an electric road to describe or explain electricity as a force in the universe. And he was so far a representative negro, in slavery or out of it, as I saw that race in

With this imaginative and superstitious nature the negro showed surprising credulity as to many a simple matter beyond his sphere of actual sight or experience; yet, again, he showed courage and charac-ter. In our last year of army service in Virginia, my tent-mate and I had two "contraband" servants in common—the "contraband" servants in common—the one a stalwart young negro named Creed, very black, very quiet, saying little, show-ing little emotion, but very efficient and faithful as a body-servant; the other, an older man, named Columbus, who had

older man, named Columbus, who had been trained as a "jockey" on the race-course, who took care of our horses.

Creed proved so valuable a body-servant and was evidently so warmly attached to us, that one day I suggested to him that if we lived through the war he might go North with us and be our servant there. At this he showed signs of shrinking terror which I could not account for, but I saw plainly that he did not relish the thought of being at the North, where his friends, the Union soldiers, came from. Therefore I questioned him on the subject. "Why don't you want to go North,

he would not shrink. He was afraid to face unreal Yankee ghouls, of whom he had been told; he was not afraid to face de Lord!" real sharpshooters, whom he could see, in

the group gathered at our regimental prayer-meeting. After the meeting I spoke to him, and was pleased at the hearty way in which he expressed his trust in Jesus as his Savior. I asked him if he Jesus as his Savior. I asked him if he had understood what I said in the meet-

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "I know yer chat. I carn't read nor write, but I know yer

"Yes, sah, ebry night. I s'pose dar is'n an hour o' de day dat I is'n study's 'bout blacks on all sides were telling of their 'em. I wish I could see 'em 'gen."

That was the longest speech I had ever heard from Creed, and it showed more of strained license.

his inner feelings. My answer was:
"Well, Creed, I hope we shall go back
there together by and by."
"Yes, sah," he said, as he passed out of
the cabin, and I saw that he realized the caoin, and I saw that he realized that the dwellers at the North were not all Yankee ghouls. This world was another world to him. Heaven was not all beyond. "The bundle of contradictions" was being unraveled in his case,

MASTER AND SLAVE.

That many of the slaves were treated kindly by their "owners," and that they were warmly attached to those who con-trolled them, was a fact beyond question. Many Southern masters were even more considerate of the slaves than the Northerners, in the army and out of it. I had occasion to know of some outrageous ill-treatment of negroes, in their property and their persons, by riotous Union sol-diers on St. Helena Island while I was there; and, on the other hand, I knew negroes in most of the States of the Atlan-tic coast who were considered tenderly by their "owners," and who in return sincerely loved those who gave them this

The colored Union soldiers, of the pathy with the Union army in the progress of the War, and were opposed to the efforts of the Confederate army—not because they loved Southerners less, or Northerners more, but because they really believed to the freedmen. Describing their released by the victors. It is, therefore, well for us to consider now these plain truths about slavery as it was, and about emancipation as it came to pass:

"Lest we forget—lest we they loved Southerners less, or Northerners more, but because they really believed that for the freeing of an oppressed people in his own good time and way. In this great issue, as they saw it, the negroes were on God's side, even though they had to work against masters to whom they were attached, and to befriend Union soldiers who were not personally kind or fair toward them. It was with them not a question of mere feeling, but one of posi-

This putting of religion as above mere personal interests was more prominent with the negro than was commonly under-It often showed itself in other things besides the question of emancipa-tion. For instance, in St. Augustine there

der cover.

"We called to you to stop back out of the fire, Creed," we said.

"Might as well come on, sah, unless a bullet stop me. I'se bringin' yer dinnah, sah. If I go down, sah, now's good time's ever."

He had the soldier's sense of duty, and he would not shrink. He was afraid to he would not shrink. He was afraid to 'member dis day. Bress de Lord! Bress

real sharpshooters, whom he could see, in his path of duty. Was that man a craven coward? or was he a brave soldier?

He was, indeed, so well known throughout the regiment for his courage and willing helpfulness, that my tent-mate said facetiously that the Chaplain was "known by his 'creed'" in that regiment.

Old Columbus I noticed one evening in the group gathered at our regimental of the property of the large of the Lord." From that day to this his trembling voice has sounded in my ears, as if he were saying, in rejoicing over fulfilled prophecy:

"Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord, According to Thy word, in peace; For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The Emancipation Proclamation bore date of Jan. 1, 1863; it was "sealed and

did not always distinguish from unre-strained license.

"I wer' jus' so happy w'en I know'd it, dat I could'n' do nuffin' but jus' lay down 'n laf,' 'n laf, 'n laf," said one. "I could jus' roll up and laf. I declar' I jus' felt's happy's a man's got r'ligion 'n 's

rebel gwine down de street dat mornin' wid a big ham, and I jus' tuk dat ham,

among the freedmen. Describing their advance over the Confederate works across the New Market Road, as they were the first to enter Richmond, on Monday morning, April 3, one said:

Of the reception of the colored troops of the reception of the colored troops by their Richmond brethren, he added:
"De people jus' t'ink all de worl' ob we Nordern so'jers. Dey jus' hang 'bout us, and comperlent us. I seed some o' our boys goin' down der streets wid der Richmon' ladies on der arm. Oh, my! Yer'd think'd 'twas a extra!"

Express,' fail to credit the 13-inch mortar as being that famous gun, As to the gun and its caliber, the weight of evidence seems to be against me. Nevertheless, I purpose to maintain my opinion. There were but three (not six) guns in Battery 5, on Petersburg Front; they were 30-

And it was. tion. For instance, in St. Augustine there was a little negro girl about eight or 10 years old, who had been brought out of slavery, and was in the care of North-crners, where she was affectionately treated and ministered to. But she had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and was now being trained as a Protestant. One day when the "freedmen" about her were rejoicing over the thought of emancipation, some one asked this child, without a doubt as to what the answer would be:

"Rebecca, would you like to go back into slavery again?"

"If I could have my own religion again, I was, a little negro girl about eight or 10 to comprehend at once all that emancipation brought of new obligations to service, and of added responsibility of toil for their own support. That had to come gradually. They did, indeed, at the start, enjoy making money by trade in the line with the wash of the Union soldiers, or of the needs of the community and their own personal skill. The camps about Richmond were soon beset with black women and children offering sweets and "snacks" of their own cookery. Small tables were set along the streets and roads with milk, and ice-cream, and lemonade, and cakes, for sale, to tempt Of course the freed slaves were unable

It treated of life, death, and the hereof after, and of Jesus as sufficient for help,
hope, and salvation, in all. Practical and
eithely truths were put in homely and
forceful phrases, so that all could comprelead them. Although intended as a sermon of comfort to mourners, and of cheerin on of comfort to mourners, and of cheerin the oppressed, it made no suggestion
that mere suffering in this life secured,
the oppressed, it made no suggestion
that mere suffering in this life secured,
who had a loyous celebration
of Emancipation. The idea was
throw from ours at that point. Sharp
mon of comfort to mourners, and of cheerin on of comfort to mourners, and of cheerin the oppressed, it made no suggestion
that mere suffering in this life secured,
the enemy. Creed came in sight from the
the enemy. Creed came in sight from the
preparation of the entertainment, although
as they requested it.

The dead was
whose whose were due to the blank
and is chief of Staff in that posithe enemy. Creed came in sight from the
came at the rear, bringing our dinner,
who had showed loving trust in him by
above it, as he would surely be fired at,
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above it, as he would surely be fired at,
who had showed loving trust in him
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above it, as he would surely be fired at,
or of the old boys of the list Conn. H. A.

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were still here. Their
full the details of the plan, including the
the works was sure to bring a shot from
the late of the oppressor.

The blacks, old and young, were out in
full force, and bedecked in all the finery
the old and young were out in
full force, and bedecked in all the finery
who had showed loving trust in him by
doing as he commanded. And so it would
be with all who were still here. Their
full were all the streams of the confederate leaders of the confederate leaders
of their wellin the life secured.

The Treedmen' mil the s

swinging his dinner-pail, as if he had no consciousness of impending danger, until the shower of bullets was passed, and he had reached the trench where we sat under cover.

der cover.

et of the occasion, and what dengnt they had in serving it in their best style, out of their overflowing joy and gratitude. One day, a gentleman in civilian dress came in and applied for such transportation. When asked his name, he answered of the 1st Mass. H. A. were present. modestly,

"J. E. Johnston." up, and asked:
"Is this Gen. Joseph E. Johnston?"

Henry A. Wise was man enough to real- Wakefield, Mass. ize that God's ways of working seem dif-

now wanted to believe the worst that is told of a representative institution of the

South.

After the war many Southerners who strained license.

"I wer' jus' so happy wen I know'd it, dat I could'n' do nuffin' but jus' lay down 'n laf,' 'n laf, 'n laf,' said one. "I could jus' roll up and laf. I declar' I jus' felt's happy's a man's got r'ligion 'n 's soul."

Another chimed in with, "Folks say man carn' tote a bar'l flour; but I c'd tote a bar'l flour dat day, or a bar'l sugar."

Said another, with evident appreciation of the privileges of a freedman, "I seed a rebel gwine down de street dat mornin' "Will ther's wheat it is a see that play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," although they had never read the book. Two of my acquaint-ances, the one from Missouri and the other from South Carolina, went together, in this way, to see it performed in a popular New York theater. As they left the Carolinian walked along for some time without saying a word, and then laconically expressed himself:

"Will ther's whet like a were many Southerners who came North went to see that play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," although they had never read the book. Two of my acquaint-ances, the one from Missouri and the other from South Carolina, went together, in the say.

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Said another, with evident appreciation of the privileges of a freedman, "I seed a long for some time without saying a word, and then laconically expressed himself: without saying a word, and then lacon-ically expressed himself:
"Will, that's what licked us."

wid a big ham, and I jus' tuk dat ham, and run'd right down de street. He holler me t' stop; but I jus' keep dat ham."

Many of the negroes wanted to tell of the contrast between the old days and these.

"We hab more liberty in 'n hour, when you Yankees come, dan 'n all our lives fore."

And it was not strange that he had a full share of responsibility for slavery with its evils at the South. The South has a full share of the blessings of emancipation brought about by the outpouring of the best blood of both North and South. President Rutherford B. Hayes, when addressing his military companions, you Yankees come, dan 'n all our lives 'fore."

Some of them would burst out with recitals of their sufferings as slaves.

"Dey part us all. Dey send off our families. Dey send us whar' dey please. Dey han'cuff us. Dey put us in jail. Dey gib us lashes. Dey starb us. Dey do eb'ryt'ing to us."

The colored Union soldiers, of the best blood of both North and South. President Rutherford B. Hayes, when addressing his military companions, on one occasion, with reference to the conflicts of our civil war, said that never before in the history of the world did the victors in a great conflict gain as much as was was win in this instance—by the van quished; and this in addition to what was gained by the victors. It is, therefore,

Petersburg Express Calvin Shaffer, Major, 15th N. Y. H. we wait for de daylight, 'cause ob tarpeeders, and den we hab rebel so'jers show us de way. Whew! De tarpeeders jus' as thick as de wool on top o' my head."

A., commanding Artillery Reserve, Army of the Potomac, 437 Western Ave., Albany, N. Y., writes: "I notice that others, beside myself and a start of the potomac." the controversy regarding the 'Petersburg were but three (not six) guns in Battery 5, on Petersburg Front; they were 30-pounders (not 32 pounders); there were two Rodmans and one Parrott. The Petersburg Express' was a Rodman. That is my recollection; possibly it may have been reversed—two Parrotts and one Rodman, and a Parrott may have been detailed on 'Petersburg Express' duty but I tailed on 'Petersburg Express' duty, but I think not. Certainly there was no such gun known as a 32-pound Parrott or Rodman. They were known as 10, 20, 30, 100 and 200-pounders. The 'Petersburg Ex-

and 200-pounders. The 'Petersburg Express' was a 30-pounder; diameter of bore was 4.20 inches; carried a charge of three and one-fourth pounds of powder, and threw a shell of 29 pounds, to which should be added the weight of the powder to explode it, viz., one pound, and there you have it—30 pounds. To make it more, you must step outside of the U. S. H. A. tactics, prepared by a Board of Officers, approved by the President, and adopted by the War Department, Oct. 20, 1862, for the instruction of troops when acting Sorth with us and be our servant there.

At the with I could do not relish the saw plainly that he did not relish the thought of being at the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the thought of being at the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the thought of being at the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the thought of being at the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the North, where his friends, the Inion soldiers are the North, where his friends in the North, where the Inion soldiers are the North, which is the North, which was the Inion soldiers and the North, which was the Inion soldiers are the North, which was the Inion soldiers are the North, which was the Inion soldiers and the North, which was the Inion soldiers are the North, which was the Inion soldiers are the Inion

of the 1st Mass. H. A. were present. Comrade Bradley had been so situated "J. E. Johnston."

Gen. Hawley, hearing the name, started mental Reunions, but as a soldier he was

at his post when needed.

I recall the sharp skirmish of March 31. people, said to me, out of the depths of his brimming heart:
"I jus' tank de Lord I eber libed to 'member dis day. Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord!"

At this Gen. Hawley said that he was sure that Gen. Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord!"

At this Gen. Hawley said that he was sure that Gen. Johnston personally; and the tomeet Gen. Johnston en the said that he was sure that God's promised Delivere had over war memories earnestly and in expectation of some of the enemy's batteries. The over war memories earnestly and in excellent spirit.

On one occasion, Gen. Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, at the time of the John Brown raid, came into the office to apply for the intervention of Gen. Terry to repossess him of a building on his lands in the eastern part of the State. In the course of the conversation, it came out that that building was now occupied as a school for little negroes, taught by a daughter of old John Brown, whom he had hanged. The disclosure of this fact caused a friend of Gen. Wise, who was present, to comment on the strange turn of mention, but when one stops to consider The Emancipation Proclamation bore date of Jan. 1, 1863; it was "sealed and delivered" at Appointation Court House, April 9, 1865. What had before been a glad promise, then became an accomplished fact. Only those who witnessed the scenes following that event can have any appreciation of the mighty outburst of rejoicing that went up from a race of 4,000,000 of slaves enfranchised in a moment.

RETURN FROM APPOMATION.

My regiment was in the victorious column of the Twenty-fourth Corps, that